An Attempt to Win 1st!

Like a bouncy basketball, my legs launched over the coloured bar and landed gracefully on a big blue mat. My head throbbed and confused my mind, and my stomach boiled and bubbled like a witch’s potion of nervousness. Was I up next again? Slowly, all my friends turned into dominoes falling over an evil bar. Soon enough, only ten people remained standing, then eight, then seven … and I still stood tall, towering above. This was going to be a race for 1st!

Only five people left already! My legs wobbled and jiggled like jelly in an earthquake. I had never made it this far before. Maybe my shoes were swapped for some with springs to make me jump higher? My next jump was one metre. Wooaahh! Running. Jogging. Sprinting. JUMP!! “Nooooo.” Bar down.

My last chance was hanging on the edge and the light at the end of the tunnel slowly faded and turned dim. One more chance … running, jogging, sprinting … JUMP! “NOOO” Missed. I had knocked it down. Gone forever. But … my best friend still had a chance. Success, and she did it. “Whoooaa” My nervousness exploded into a bouquet of joyfulness. She had won!

By Sinead Lefale

Year 6

Totara Room

Extraordinary Athletics

Bubbles of nervousness smothered my tummy while I was up for my race. As I lumbered over to my lane, my eyes glared at the finish line … only sixty thrilling metres away. “On your mark. Get set. GO!”

Toes gripped into the luscious lime grass. Trees were cheerleaders encouraging me along the home straight. The howling winds were as powerful as a dragon’s breath … I was running faster and faster. It felt like my legs were moving forward but my upper body was getting left behind.

“Hooray!” Calum excitedly shouted as I dived over the finish line. First position. I strolled over to the Ngata box and slipped the card in with my sweaty hand. “Five point for Ngata,” I shouted.

By Hamish Bolland

Year 6

Totara Room

The Extreme Batten

“Year Sixes!” boomed the race starter. Anxiously, I chose my lane with my relay team, and froze like a rock. Bang! My teammate was rocketing towards me at a gazillion miles per hour. At this point, my body was preparing for impact, waiting for the shiny tube to slice through my quivering hand. Arm up. Feed pumped. Eyes ahead and …

Whoosh! I was a bullet being shot out of a colossal machine gun. My feet were spinning around like turbines in a high pressured dam. The batten was a blur to my confused eyes as my feet pulsed at 100,000 miles per hour. Here comes the end in three, two, one …

Smack! Phew! Finished! My dead legs slithered to the ground as my lungs gasped for air. Through all my panting and gasping, I could hear the crowd cheering for Batten. I’m going to have a long sleep tonight!

By Thomas Hunter

Year 6

Totara Room

Run like the Wind!

Bellowing clappers. First heat gone. Next heat up. Butterflies filled my stomach before I could even blink. Resistantly, I shuffled to the empty starting line. Focusing on the million metre track, my hands began to quiver …

Preparing for the strenuous race ahead of me, confidence kicked back in. My mum was waving frantically in the sea of faces, watching me with a big grin from ear to ear. The wind was a cheerleader prancing around, encouraging me to run. My legs were no longer blocks of ice. I could taste the smell of success in the air. I was ready!

Bang! Like a bullet out of a gun, I sprung speedily from the starting line. “You can do this, you can do this!” I resiliently reminded myself. Fortunately, those words were working so far. Third place is definitely good, right?

By Estella Patterson

Year 6

Totara Room

Sweet Success

Thousands of thoughts fluttered frantically in my head. A pair of metal poles stood, menacing and tall, over a bouncy bright blue mat. Balanced between them was a slender rubber pole. Waiting to run, my heart was a drum pounding heavily in my chest.

Stubbornly, my legs jerked forward. I reached the first cone and passed it. Seemingly, small daisies suddenly were as tall as soldiers standing in my way. Lurching through the slippery grass, I stumbled toward the high jump. Nearly there! I leaped …

Like a leaf landing lightly on the ground, my toes briefly touched the mat before stepping onto the now friendly, damp grass. My cheeks blushed with pleasure as my legs unconsciously carried me to the pile of hats and shoes ... I took a deep breath to calm myself. Mingled with the scent of cut grass was the sweet scent of success!

By Tessa Bolland

Year 6

Totara Room

Dunes of Doom

Splish! Splosh! The river swayed gently as I crawled through. Matthew and I were nearing the big currents. We were scared all over. Will I die? I was a feather moving in the breeze as the river carried me downstream. Then suddenly, smack! I crashed into the bank … sand in my eyes, my ears and my mouth. Matthew rushed over to help me. “I’m fine, I’m fine,” I groaned as I rubbed my eyes.

A towering monster of sand stood before us. As the sand took a stroll across the dune, we clambered up it. Huff. Puff. The sun smacked us around in the blazing heat as we hurled our bodies up the colossal mountain. As we neared the top, Matthew slipped. He was a rocket speeding off to the moon. Then Phew! I caught him. While I was heaving him back up , sand ran down the mountain as if it was having fun.

“Three, two, one … go!!!” as I counted down to total doom. All the scariness in the world was rushing into me from all sides. Waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!!” Suddenly, I fell down a bump. I was falling for a million years. Then, thump! All the sand jumped straight into the air. I was rolling everywhere, then. …. Splosh!

I hit the water at the speed of light. “Let’s go again!”

By Cameron McLeod

Year 5

Totara Room

Fearless Jump

“Everyone in order please,” exclaimed Mrs Boyd, scanning across the line that was shrinking down and down. It was my turn. Dashing through the wind, I was a dart shooting around in a curve. As I took a tremendous leap of faith, I was like a stone skimming the back of the bar. “Yes!” Winning was amazing but I could smell fear in front of me.

Clap! Clap! As the jumpers took their astonishing leaps, I noticed some of them failing. Players numerating down. My legs froze into ice cubes but giving up was not an option! My legs were scissors slicing swiftly across the line. Pride stretched across my body. I felt like a master at this.

Smack! Glancing at the injured jumper made me quiver quickly. Legs wobbling. Blood rushing. Fingers twitching. I could feel the fear striding towards me. Thump! Thump! I sprinted ahead of the curved track. ‘Whoosh.’ Before the jump, I could already taste glory.

By Lamar Rogers

Year 6

Totara Room

Conquering High Jump

Slowly reaching to the front of the endless line, I felt nerves growing in my stomach. Watching people succeed made me want to run away. The high jump pole gave me a nasty glare as I became closer and closer.

I wasn’t ready. My legs were stuck to the starting point. I couldn’t move. The butterflies in my stomach starter to flutter like crazy birds after I took one step forward.

Encouragingly, Mrs Boyd gave me a smile as she pointed to my side. I was up … one leg after the other as I sprinted towards the terrifying obstacle. My fingers were crossed. My toes were pointed. Then I opened my eyes … to reveal my success!

By Nivea Ironside

Year 6

Totara Room

Going for Gold

Heart pumping. Hands shaking. Butterflies fluttering. Hopefully our school will win gold for the fifth year in a row. ‘We’re Walking on Sunshine’ came on (that meant there was an announcement). Slowly, we stood up, our legs flopping about from our spectacular scavenger hunt. We were sloths dancing to the music. Suddenly, Phil Goff biked in to the warm, cosy cloud. He was as loud as a monkey swinging from vine to vine as he shared his interesting speech with us.

There were no more butterflies in my stomach. Instead there was a whole zoo. My big floppy ears were listening for ‘Royal Oak Primary School’ … All of the certificates were handed out. “Phew! We’re safe!” Silver next (it was in alphabetical order). It took one hundred years to reach ‘R’. No silver? All of a sudden, dreary thoughts flooded through my head. What if they forgot our school? Do they give certificates to everyone?

“OK, gold is going to be in two parts.” “Phew”. All of the bad thoughts scurried out of my head. After hours and hours of waiting, they finished part one … but our school wasn’t heard. The suspense was as scary as waiting for your results in a recount! “Royal Oak Primary School.” I stood up and walked across the fake road and shook the lovely Phil Goff’s hand. Alka grabbed our certificate and carefully, we climbed onto the black rectangular prism. Click. Click. Cameras were flashing all around us. “Yippee!” We’d won for the fifth time in a row!

By Daisy Parke

Year 6

Totara Room

Nerve-wracking Race

As the year six boys lined up with competitive faces glued on, my hands shook and shook as nerve bubbles filled up my body. As we got there, my heart beat non-stop. Our time was coming up … it was the 100 metre race. Step by step, we walked up in nerves. “On your marks, get set, go!”

Zooming in quick speed, I was an unstoppable speed master. As wind breezed through my competitive face, I started panicking in fear. What place would I get? Sweat trickled down my face, my heart beat quickly and I was losing focus. The finish line was up ahead.

I managed to run at my highest, from the help of the supporting crow2d, as their cheers entered my ears and flooded me with confidence. Yes! My tir4ed feet leaped across the finish line. I had come 3rd. What a day!

By Mark Latu

Year 6

Totara Room

Athletics Day

Nervously, my body shivered in fear as we slowly ambled to our own lane. Sounds of the crazy crowd roared like a tsunami destroying a poor helpless island. Suddenly, miniature spits of rain vomited onto the lush lime grass. My eyes observed the area quickly. One million thoughts flowed through my head trying to confuse me. Heart pumping. Legs wobbling. Mouth trembling. “On your makrs, get set, clap!”

“Whoossshh!” All the boys dashed rapidly. It felt like I had so much energy that I could sprint around the world. Unexpectedly, as my eyes gazed to the left … I was coming second. Ferociously, my body burst with determination. Desperately, I wanted to finish. The excited crowd cheer enthusiastically as sweat dribbled down my ace. My legs felt as if they were a daredevil who was almost falling off onto a petrifying canon.

“Finally!” I exclaimed. Exhausted bodies sluggishly meandered back to the others sitting patiently. As my iceberg body trudged to Mrs Emo, the wind slapped my face. “I came first!” I roared.

By Etimoni Taufa

Year 6

Totara Room

Bring It On!

“On your mark, get set, go!” Sprinting down the track, my heart pounded hurriedly in my chest to the sound of Cooper screaming to me. Arms pumping. Lets stretching. Eyes focused. My nerves grew bigger as I sped closer. Aching, my head hurt to think of our team dropping the batten.

The moment was here … passing the batten. To my surprise, we did not drop the mini green pole. Shining with glee, my panicking feeling disappeared into the sky.

Although my heart was happy, I was also very tired. Plonk! When my worn out body sat down, it was Charlotte’s turn to run. “Go Charlotte!’ our team screeched. As the last person grew closer, sweat showered down my sticky body in the scorching sun. Ruben’s turn now! He lurched forward as he snatched the batten like the changing of the Olympic torch in Rio. Finally, it was the last person to run. Sam was sprinting from a stampede of his worst nightmares.

Whoopee! Pride glowed around us. Jumping joyfully, Cooper’s Team One celebrated our victory. We were lotto winners! We came fourth! Screams from the crowd flooded our brains. We were as tired as 40 day marathon runners after a strenuous race. Well done Cooper!

By Isla Petherbridge

Year 6

Totara Room

Victory

“On your mark, get set, go!” Everyone took off. We were in the lead (all thanks to Isla). Millions of thoughts were bubbles bursting inside my head as I processed what I had to remember to do. Isla’s body shape slowly became bigger and bigger. It had been a billion years since everyone began to sprint for their lives. Shortly, I would have to take on the treacherous task of running second in the Cooper relay team.

My heart started to pump. Butterflies fluttered furiously in my stomach. Sweat drizzled down my forehead. Panic had entered my body. What was I about to do? Holding my arm out, I waited for Isla to be close enough for me to grab the batten out of her sweaty hand and began to run the race of my life. I lurched forward and clasped hold of the emerald batten as it winked at me through the twinkling sunlight. Taking a lunge forward, my long legs bolted through the wind leaving the grass mashed into tiny footprints. I was a cheetah darting side to side aiming up my prey.

Nearing the end, my legs started to ache. I was running my heart out but I had to keep going. I felt like a wounded soldier who had just been shot in the leg. It felt like there were only inches left. Reaching out, Shalom gripped hold of the batten. Relief flooded through my body. I was a gold Olympic medallist who had just won a medal. I could taste victory coming towards us …

By Charlotte Mahony

Year 5

Totara Room

Tiring Sprints

Breathing nervously, I raced down on the field as I heard Mrs Clotworthy calling the year six girls. My tummy started rumbling. Thousands of people were cheering excitedly. “On your mark. Get set. Go!” shouted Mrs Gurr loudly.

Woohoo. Cheers floated across the gigantic field as I was rapidly sprinting. My cheeks were getting as hot as a chille as I raced down. Hundreds of eyes were looking at the race and expecting people from their house to win. Like a motorbike, speedily I bolted down the finish line.

Crossing my fingers nervously, I looked at my card and jumped up and down with excitement because I came … second. Have I really done this? I thought to myself. Happily, I’d achieved my goal of coming second.

By Mink

Year 6

Totara Room

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By Mink

Year 6

Totara Room

Athletics

“Clap!” The cheering crowd showed awe to the runners racing rampagingly across the track. “Go Batten!” cheered our house group as our runner sped ahead to victory. Lightning struck my brain and I remembered … I am next!

In embarrassment, I sped over to the relay group. In our places, the nervousness flooded my brain as the race was about to begin. The rustling of the leaves calmed me down. Slap!

Bing! Grabbing the batten, I charged forward. Running forward, I got the feeling we lost. No points, just puffed and our race had just ended.

By Peter

Year 6

Totara Room

Scary Sprints

Quickly, a shiver crawled up my spine as I dawdled in line. Jauntily, my friends jumped and hopped as they were excited to sprint. Nervousness erupted like a volcano spewing out hot lava. Sluggishly, I strolled forward like an old decrepit man crossing a road. A million voices echoed across the vast school territory as Mrs McConnell lined us up like soldiers fighting at war.

Patiently, I was in line hoping it would rain. I gazed at the runners sprinting ahead like the speed of a light switch going on and off. I looked around and saw people casually waiting, ready to run. “Next line you’re up,” bellowed Mrs Gurr. “Standing. On your marks! Get set! Go!” I sprinted as fast as I could as I watched Ethan run rapidly in front of me.

As I glanced at the crowd of cheers, my body filled with joy. I was bustling past everyone. I suddenly spotted the finish line. As soon as I saw Bryan, I knew I had to beat him so I whizzed past him like fireworks rocketing in the the midnight sky. I made it past the finish line. I came third. “One point for Ngata,” Mrs Clotworthy announced. What a relief. I hope I don’t get into the semi-finals!

By Neel

Year 6

Totara Room

Nail-biting and Sweat

We all found our seats. “Hello and welcome to Royal Oak Primary’s Athletics Day 2016,” announced the speaker. As I looked around, everyone punched their fists in the air. At this very moment, the thrilling race began. “First we have the sprinters.” They took their marks and all looked at each other. “On your marks, get set, go!” yelled the speaker.

Everyone cheered. “Whoooo! You got this,” parents from behind me screamed penetratingly. Claps and murmurs echoed in the gush of wind. The pressure slowly eased inside of me. Who would win? Whanau groups sang their changes, battling each other. I do have to say Ngata was the loudest.

Next, the relay team went up. The leader of the group clenched a batten. At once, the leaders rushed across the luscious green cut grass. My eyes ran back and forth. Hairs whoosing. Rapid running. Cheering. Everyone enjoyed it. Especially me!

By Vimica

Year 6

Totara Room

Astounding Athletics

Moving swiftly to lane three, thoughts bounced around crazily in my worried mind. Would I get a place? Would something go wrong? People beside me stretched and warmed up. Waiting impatiently, a teacher called out, “Year five boys, 80 metres! On your marks … get set … “

Bang! My powerful legs thrust me forwards. Wind whispered lightly in my ears. Everyone’s legs were powerful, super-quick pistons in a Ferrari. Every house cheered for us and encouraged me to go faster. In a few seconds, my legs got a colossal boost of energy, causing me to beat first place. Then, the glorious finish line zoomed closer and closer and …

Finished! Everyone shouted and cheered as runners crossed the finish line. As my proud hands took the first place card, I congratulated myself. This was the best day ever!

By Mark Daria

Year 6

Totara Room

The Non-Stop Race

Bubbles floated in my stomach as I shuffled to the start line. Thousands of eyes stared in excitement. “On your marks, get set, go!” announced Mrs Gurr. As fast as a lightning bolt, I ran and overtook some girls.

Like a racing car, I zoomed past the finish line. Finally, I had completed this mission which seemed like forever. Waiting patiently for Sam to give me a place, I was wondering what did I come?

“Yeah!” I came … second. I was as happy as a girl who had won lotto. I knew I could do it, but for one second, I thought that it was a non-stop race.

By Serena

Year 6

Totara Room

Rapid Race

Thumping, my feet jumped around rising my heart temperature to keep me warm. But the weather was cold. It was like the cold weather fighting my heart beat. Whoosh. The wind whipped me, pushing me towards my team mates rapidly. “Year six boys, line up!” the speaker screeched.

“On your marks, get set, go!” All the boys sprinted but Angus slipped. The boys were callous leaving him behind. As my legs pumped, the lurched racing on the strenuous race track. “You can do it!” the massive crowd cheered tremendously loud. The cheer was like an energy push bursting me to run faster.

Suddenly, we passed the finish line … Yah! Everyone stood up cheering with excitement. We had made it. All the boys that raced sighed with relief and excitement to see who came first, second, third. But then, Mr Myers said we had to redo the race because of angus’ slip. Once again, “On your mark, get set go!” We finished the race again. We made it – again!

By Paluki

Year 6

Totara Room

Exciting Athletics Day

Wow! What a windy day. Mrs Jamieson called the year six girls to high jump. We all lined up. It was my turn. I sprinted speedily and galloped over the pole. Everyone game me a huge round of applause.

“Year 6’s 100 metre sprints.” It was my turn. Mrs Gurr called, “On your marks, get set, go!” My tummy was full of butterflies. The clouds were cheering for me. The wind whistled in my ears as I sprinted down the track. I made it!

Finally, it was time for fun. Everyone had a choice to do the egg and spoon race. Me and my friends chose to do it to have some fun. Once again, Mrs Gurr called, “On your marks, get set, WALK!”. All of us wanted to win. My hand was exhausted. It was like I had lost the feeling. I marched to the finish line. I won. Yes!

By Charlotte George

Year 6

Totara Room

Tiring Terror

“Year six boys!” Justine shouted as we lined up like a swarm of been around a jam pot. As soon as we started ambling down to our starting spots, I felt as if I was approaching my death sentence. Scents of energy drink filled the air as we passed the waiting area.

As we were directed to our positions, my stomach was a trampoline. The finish line taunted me as I prepared to race. “Stand. On your marks. Get set.” Clap! The sound filled my head, then travelled down my legs at the speed of light. One hundred million eyes glared at me as I leaped off the line. I was like a wind-up box which its’ clown had just popped out of.

My destiny was coming nearer as my feet thumped the ground repeatedly. Sweat was streaming out of my forehead like a tap that had been left running in a kitchen. Finally, my foot crossed the finish line and a sense of relief travelled around my tired body.

By Felix Wilton

Year 6

Totara Room

What Place Will I Get?

Nervousness flooded into my stomach as our 60 metre heat crept towards the start line. “Take your marks, get set, GO!” My legs burst into action but it was no good. Mr Myers had already blown the ear-piercing whistle. Second time lucky. Clap! We were away …

I was Usain Bolt whizzing down the track, heading for the finish line (which still felt like miles away). What position would I manage? The finish line beckoned me towards it. A million voices cheered and clapped as we reached the 40 metre mark. Now there were only 20 metres to go. My head pulsated like the beat of a drum in a thunderous music band.

Tiredly, my legs lurched across the finish line. Waiting to see what place I had come, Sam gave me a third placed card. Yes! I excitedly shouted in my head. Exhausted, my worn-out body sat back down on the bank. I wonder what place I’ll come next year?

By Calum Bint

Year 5

Totara Room

Terrible Long Jump

Heart pumping. Feet shaking. Sand blowing into my eyes. A pit of glistening, golden, grainy sand stood steadily in the grass. I was as nervous as a pilot landing his first plane. Billions of leaves covered the ground. “Hurry up! Your turn!” yelled the annoyed voice of the teacher.

Thump! Thump! Thump! My feet pounded against the ground as fast as a feather in the wind. A sea of eyes was watching me run down the grassy field. CRUNCH! Leaves underneath me suffered as the jumping mat appeared in front of me.

Whoosh! I flew through the air like a clumsy baby bird that was learning how to fly. Suddenly, my head dropped down into the sand. I stood up. My face was painted red. What a terrible experience.!

By Luke Kowalski

Year 6

Totara Room

The Impossible Mission

Whoosh! Icy cold wind nipped my legs as nervousness began to explode violently. Even though many competitors were striving for the same goal as mine, I could smell the taste of being victorious. As I lurched forward towards the starting line, … bang! The race had begun and I was off!

Bolting furiously, my legs began to accelerate faster and faster. I was a monster truck busting through anything that was in front of me. As the finish line became closer and closer … Clap! Clap! Calap. A wave of applause surrounded me.

Woohoo! A huge sigh of accomplishment was glued to my face even though my body collapsed onto the ground as I huffed and puffed, catching my breath. Even though I didn’t achieve what I wanted, I’d participated.

By Bryun Lau

Year 5

Totara Room

A One Hundred Metre Victory

Badum, badum. My heart thumped as I lined up behind the starting line waiting for the whistle. As I glanced around, I glimpsed a flash of red, orange, blue, black and white … my opponents. “On your marks, get set, go!” I lurched forward like Usain Bolt tearing down the track. But the race had only just begun …

We were off, step after step, stride after stride. I zoomed down my lane, with the finish line getting closer by the second. My legs ached but I rushed on hoping to get first place with each drizzle of sweat cascading down my face.

I started to slow as people passed me, but with every morsel of energy left, I pushed onward. I was only strides away from sweet, sweet victory. I barged through the finish line and crumpled on the ground. Fourth place!

By Adam Thompson

Year 5

Totara Room

Run of my Life

Clap! As the loud banger roared, the competitive runners began to sprint to the far-away finish line. “Yay!” Energetically, the crowd encouraged the determined athletes. Gazing at the crowd, my stomach was a tree with frightened birds flying crazily. Suddenly the atmosphere burned, the ocean of eyes fixed on me. It was time for the run …

Three, two, one. Go! My legs were pistons pumping rapidly. Angrily, the wind howled. I was a horse bolting down a grassy race track. “Rutherford! Rutherford!” The cheering of my house made me persevere even more for victory. My heart skipped a beat. Was I going to finish in first place?

The finish line was in sight. Sweat was cascading down my cherry red face. My legs were starting to collapse. Then first, second, and third. I didn’t make it. The sadness inside made my spirit crestfallen. I felt like a little boy sobbing because he didn’t receive his Christmas present. But at least I had participated.

By Robert Zhang

Year 6

Totara Room

Hop. Hop. Hop.

“Oof!” Clumsily, I fell hundreds of times just by covering my active legs with the lime green sack. After a while, falling over as if there was no such thing as friction, the troublesome sack started to fit snuggly on my legs. “On your marks, get set …’ CLAP!

Crazily, the leaping madness began. Raphael tumbled over and accidentally tripped me up. “What did you do that for Ralhpie?” I bellowed for no reason. Without thinking, I took very miniature steps but toppled over.

Cheerfully, I hopped like a hyper person trying to burn their energy. My legs felt boneless before I suddenly viewed the finish line in front of me. Someone handed over a ticket. Why did I get one, even though I came in ninth place?

By Christopher Mara

Year 5

Totara Room

Rampage Run

Excitedly, my joyful legs pranced over to the start line. Billions of eyes stared in excitement … the race was about to begin. “On your marks,” Sweat dribbled down my face. ‘Set.’ My heart started thumping. “Go!” The crowd exploded with excitement. Bubbles boiled up in my stomach as I rocketed off the start line.

There was a wild rampage. Everybody raced their hearts out to get to the finish line. My legs were speeding pistons of a rally car. Half way down the track, there was a painful sting screaming down my right leg but I knew I could do it.

Finally, the end was in sight and like a determined Olympian, I crossed the finish line. A third finalist place card was handed to me. I had done it. I was in the top three!

By Matthew Rippon

Year 6

Totara Room

Leap of Faith

As the stretching line of boys neared the adjacent high jump area, there was Mrs Boyd, steady with clipboard in hand. Our group sat down in front of the huge mat, waiting silently. “Make a single file line in order,” she scolded. After we did, Junior was up. He leapt over the bar as easily as a professional athlete. My brain pondered over whether my body could make it over the bar or not. Would it be able to? Could it be able to?

After a few more jumpers, it was my turn. My legs were a hummingbird’s wings, fluttering in the breeze. Slowing as I neared the bar, my back arched, my legs cut in scissor motion and tremendously, I made it over the bar. Waves of applause filled the air as relief flooded my body. I was a knight, my armour pride and my weapon confidence.

And that’s when it happened. On the second jump, my heart felt pride. But when I neared the bar … ouch!! My back ached. It felt like a sword had been thrust in there. I fell like a valiant English warrior that had just died in battle and landed on the hard, metal bar. I shouted out in agony and it hurt. I limped back to the line, clutching my back. My legs were blocks of ice, melting n the hot sun. I was not trying that again, for sure!

By Eli Brown

Year 6

Totara Room

The Green Ticket

Nervousness gently crept up my spine as the noisy wind whistled in my ear. My heart skipped a beat as six figures departed from the opposite side. A penetrating cheer erupted from the crowd as the person in front bolted towards the other end of the field. Another sprinted past. It was my turn next …

Taking a deep breath, I extended my arm as my teammate rapidly approached. Suddenly, a warm object appeared in my shaking palms. Run! Hastily , my legs carried me to finish the race as a bomb of adrenaline exploded inside of me. I felt my heart burst in excitement as the sweet taste of victory sat on my taste buds. We had come second.

Exhilaration coursed through my veins s Mr Dowden handed me a green ticket. A triumphant cry of victory escaped my teammates’ lips from behind me as I timidly manoeuvred my way toward the table, the green ticket held tightly between my slim fingers.

By Phebe

Year 6

Totara Room

Impossible Jump

As my heart started thumping faster, I knew it was my turn. Slowly, my foot was controlling itself. My eyes glanced at the pole. Miss Cassie yelled, “When you’re ready!” I could hear the wind whistling as it carried me off.

Staring at the pole, I leaped like a rocket launching on a mission. My legs were about to launch off. Crash! The pole knocked off. Yelling OUCH, I could see the millions of unhappy faces. I had failed!

My body landed on the glistening grass. It was covering me from the strong wind.

By Jaekyum

Year 5

Totara Room

Terrifying 200 Metres

“Year six girls 200 metres!” Sweat dripped down my face as my aching legs carried me to the starting line. Butterflies fluttered madly in my stomach. The one thing that was now important was crossing the finish line. My mind was still as it focused on the endless track ahead of me … would I make it?

“On your marks, get set, go!” Immediately, my arms started pumping. As I turned round the corner, my legs started to pick up speed. Now I was gaining on people. Determined to make it, I would never give up. Now second. Nope! First! Nearly at the finish line. It seemed like I was trapped in an endless void with no way out.

Panting out of breath, exhausted! My legs guided me to victory as the tired 200 metre sprinters all crossed the finish line. Cheers flooded the field. I’d never felt better! My new achievement. First place!

By Eva Hall

Year 6

Totara Room

Bring It On

Swirling sickly, my head was a churning whirlpool overflowing with millions of anxious and positive thoughts at the staggered start line. My main competitor was placed in front of me. The thought of racing Isla encouraged me, making me remember … I was in it to win it. Bring it on!

Tasting a sick feeling, my shaking body readied my legs the correct distance away from the line. Narrowed eyes followed the never-ending running track navigating my course. Unexpectedly, Mrs Gurr yelled, “Stand!” I stood up straight. It was time to face the race. “Take your marks, set!” Clap! We were off. Like electric trains speeding across the track, we rapidly raced off our starting places. Even though it was only 200 metres, there was still a long way to go.

Thudding feet smashing against the ground, my perseverant competition pushed on, lifting their game … but still I flew past them at 200 kilometres per hour. Only one person was ahead of me … Isla. Locked on my target, my legs travelled faster, faster, faster until I had done it! But could I hold it together? Sprinting quickly, my legs raced down the home straight. Desperately, my body launched over the finish line. A breath of happiness rushed through me. The whirlpool was a calm sea again, for now!

By Aimee McConnell

Year 5

Totara Room

Near the End

“Year six sprinters, please line up,” announced Mrs Clotworthy. Lining up excitedly, jumping excitedly, my warmed-up legs bounced everywhere. “Go!” shouted Mrs Gurr. Runners sprinted like they were getting chased by wild gorillas. Children cheered and whooped while the finished runners panted heavily on the spot. My legs suddenly became wobbly jelly. “Next!” Mrs Gurr stated to the year six sprinters. “Stand, on your mark, get set, go!”

Boom! Stomp! Sounds of sprinters’ feet stomping the ground vibrated. Huffing and puffing, my heart beating was a jackhammer penetrating the ground. Midway through the race, spectators cheered as if the world had just been saved. Teachers were shouting for their whanau groups. The end was near.

Closer, closer and even closer to the finish line. Racers bolted ahead. Near the end … finish! The last of the run had finally been defeated. Even though I almost came last, I finished it. This athletics day had been the hardest!

By Kiet Dam

Year 6

Totara Room

Athletics Day

“Adam! Reece!” shouted Mrs Boyd getting ready for high jump. Once in line, my body felt a shiver all around and did not make me any more confident than I already felt.

Nervously, my legs sprinted towards the high jump. My legs sprang like a spring but it wasn’t enough to get up and over. Clink! Thwack! It didn’t end well. Second time round, my legs bolted me towards the jump. I leaped as if I was doing long jump. “Yes!” I shouted in relief.

“Yep!” Finally on my third jump, millions of voices cheered me on. My last chance to make this jump. “I can do this,” my mind whispered to itself … but no luck; my foot kicked the pole as if it were a soccer ball.

By Reece Thode

Year 5

Totara Room

Electrifying Races

Thump! Thump! Thump! My heart beat impatiently for the sound of the clapper … Anticipation for the race to begin bubbled within me like broth in a witch’s caldron. My head turned to the crowd sending a cruel shiver down my spine.

Slap! Loudly, the echo of the clapper sent me sprinting rapidly down the track. My head pounded faster and faster. Adrenaline was a firework crackling uncontrollably inside of me.

Soon, a sudden surge of joy electrified my emotions as if I was struck by lightning. Then my muscles began to freeze like I was in a blizzard. A breath of exhaustion escaped my lungs. A big leap of desperation towards the finish line. I made it. It was glory!

By George Lavelua

Year 6

Totara Room

Scary Sprints

“Year five sprints!” bellowed Miss Roberson. Nervousness sent a shiver down my spine as I slowly walked to the starting line in front of a million people. My wobbly legs were jelly waiting to be eaten. My hands were flooding with sweat while butterflies fluttered furiously around in my stomach.

“Ready. Set Go!” yelled Mrs Gurr. We were as speedy as a bullet shooting through the air at top speed. I could feel the luscious grass underneath my toes. My eyes could see the finish line getting closer and closer and closer. My ears could hear the crowd’s cheer getting louder and louder and louder as I imagined them chanting my name. Katie! Katie! Katie! But this was no time for imagining. I had to finish!

“I can do this. I can do this. I can do this,” I repeated to myself. Nearly there. A few more steps. Nearly reached it. Hooray! I’d reached the finish line. My heart was pounding while my lungs grasped the air taking huge breaths. My overworked legs hurled my body to the bank. I’m glad the next athletics day is in a year!

By Katie Archibald

Year 5

Totara Room

Athletics Day

My stomach was whirling like a washing machine as I lined up for high jump. I could see other girls flying over the bar. I heard my friends laughing and talking.

“Why do I have to do this?” I asked myself as Mrs Boyd called my name. I was so worried. Nearly there. Ahhhh. I did not make it.

By Rosie

Year 5

Totara Room

Soft Ball Throw

“Line up,” shouted Mrs Fraser. I felt energetic and excited. We all quickly grabbed a softball, one at a time. Junior threw first. Next, I threw. I threw it nearly half way across the field.

As fast as we could, me and Junior quickly collected everyone’s balls, then we started again. As Junior threw his ball, I heard people cheering others on to run and I smelt fresh air wafting up my nose. Bam! As I threw my ball, I ran past the line. “No throw,” said Mrs Fraser.

Yes, we were on the last throw as we all got a ball each. Junior threw first again then I threw. I took a gigantic leap forward. Bam, as I threw it off like a bullet rapidly falling to the ground. 45 metres. It was the farthest throw I’ve ever done!

By Iziah Albert

Year 6

Totara Room

In the Clouds

Pit, pat, pit, pat. Feet jogged by as Fitzgerald announced, “We have to win!” grabbing the iPad. He raced to the white cloud. It opened its arms saying welcome back, as it paraded towards us. “Come on, we’re almost there!” Carter strongly yelled. We came up and then we stepped in …

“Tenth group,” declared the man as we stepped onto the solid ground. We ambled to the station, opened the iPad and gave it to the kind lady. Waiting patiently. Fingers crossed. Then finally … she looked up. “Hi, Mrs McConnell,” she said as Mrs McConnell walked up. Looking down again, she had a little smile.

“Well, it looks like you got 100% right!” “Whew.” I gave a sigh of relief. Then joy suddenly filled my body as I realised we had finished. We had completed one hour and 30 minutes of trams, pirates, canons, photos and tiresome walking. It had now all paid off. I wonder if we will win a gold again?

By Holly Lightbourne

Year 6

Totara Room

Athletics Day

Why? Why does it have to be athletics day? I yelled. Anxiously, I walked down to the starting line. I sat with my heat. Everyone was scared. Mrs Gurr bellowed, “On your marks.” My legs were ice blocks as a shiver crawled up my spine. “Get set. Go!”

We were off. Swiftly, I sprinted down the track at one trillion miles per hour. It felt like I was sprinting a marathon. My face was as red as a perfectly good strawberry. There was a 100 ton weight pulling me back as the wind pushed me forwards.

A few metres left. “Arrrgghhhhh.” The crowd was cheering. The runners were puffing. Almost there … done! Luckily, I came fourth. So close to third.

By Benjamin Stewart

Year 6

Totara Room

Exhausting Athletics

Slowly, I walked to the starting line, worried. I was going to come last in sprint. My heart was beating as fast as a racing car. “Ready, steady, go,” shouted Mrs Gurr. My legs were trying their best not to come last. Suddenly, I looked back and saw …

… girls catching up to me. I ran my hardest. I was a motorbike coming first place. My legs were starting to slow down like a rusty wheelbarrow. Slowly, my face was getting red like hot chilli. When I was near the finish line, my body was filled with excitement.

Hooray. I was as happy as a dog seeing his owner after a long time. I was glad I came third. It was like my dream came true. Sam gave me a small right red card. For second, I thought to myself.

By Shari

Year 6

Totara Room

Amazing Athletics

Sitting down, my heart beat rapidly. Another heat’s off and that means a step closer to that terrifying starting line. My eyes glanced across the competitors and my face fell. Why do I have to race against some to the fastest people? Nervousness flooded into my mind like a pouring waterfall. I wished Athletics day never existed. Another heat’s running. One more heat and I’ll be standing behind that horrifying line.

“Move up!” Two legs dragged forward. Shaking, they were two pieces of wobbling jelly. Any moment now, I’ll be running. My toes touched the line, petrified to go over it. The race hadn’t even started and I was sweating like my body was in a boiling pan, ready to erupt like a volcano. And then it came, the words I feared … “Ready, on your marks, set, go!”

Bang. Feet jolted forwards as fast as the fierce howling wind behind our backs. Thundering cheers roared through the breeze and filled my ears. I raced along the endless track with all my might, but still falling behind. My heart was beating faster than my feet. My failure of being last place was in the air. Would I make it to the end?

By Anabel Wu

Year 6

Totara Room

Athletics

It was a Tuesday. It was freezing and I was nervous. There was no escaping out of this windy weather. My legs were covered in goose bumps like a woman in a zombie horror movie.

Silently, I waited in line. Everybody did the same. It was as quiet as a movie theatre after times. I was nervous and scared. It was close to being my turn.

Unexpectedly, the teacher called out my name; I rapidly sprinted around the orange cones and with all my might, I jumped. Made it!

By Mika Retzlaff

Year 6

Totara Room

Matapouri Bridge Dive!

“Brrrrrrrr,” I exclaimed as I walked nervously towards the concrete bridge in the early morning weather. Butterflies rolled sneakily around in my tummy making me super scared and worried about jumping into a seven metre water drop. “Come on, you slow coach,” my friends bellowed. My eyes quickly gazed down at the deep water below. “Arrgghhhh,” I screamed. I took a deep breath …

Splash! Water bubbles burst in a fountain-like spray rapidly into the cool frosty air. My head slowly but steadily tilted up above, naturally breaking the surface of the freezing water. “Woohoo,” we all screamed out. Paddling like a dog, I swam towards the rusty grey concrete. Beautiful fresh water dripped down my new rainbow leopard togs. They were delicately tickling my soft skin.

Slowly, I emerged out of the icy water and dragged myself across the rocks. The breeze hit me suddenly and I shivered ferociously. I was a sloth wrapping the teal-coloured towel around me. Dawdling like a penguin, I waddled towards the special ice cream shop. The crowds were coming out the door but I really needed that caramel magnum ice-cream. Patiently, I waited for the line to decrease.

By Elle Hansen

Year 6

Totara Room

Athletics

“On your marks. Get set. Go.” Speedily, I took off. I sprinted down the track. I was a drag car as I sprinted down the lane. Swiftly, at the speed of light, I dashed down the track. It felt like the track was 600 metres! Sweat gushed, descending down my face. The wind was a 10 ton weight pulling me back. My legs started to ache. Finally, I raced past the finish line.

Slowly, I stepped up to the line and bolted towards the long jump pit. As fast as I could, I raced to the sand pit. I leaped towards it. The teacher bellowed out, “350 centimetres.” Yes! That was my best score yet in long jump.

Enthusiastically, I sprinted the throwing line. I was passed a soft ball. I was a loaded catapult ready to shoot. Like a canon, I lobbed the softball across the field. The teacher shouted, “19, 20, 22.” Yes, my best score in soft ball throw.

By Cairan Howse

Year 6

Totara Room